

The Heathen Chinese.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

AH SIN was his name ;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies ;
Which it might be inferred
That AH SIN was likewise ;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And AH SIN took a hand ;
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve ;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that Heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh
And he said - "Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor ;"
And he went for that Heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that AH SIN had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong ;
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

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